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POETRY

Lines in memory of Mrs. Charles G. Lockwood, who died Decem-ber 16th, 1880, and is the mother of Eliza Lockwood, of Stamford, Conn.

Mother's Christmas.

Sitting in your shadowed chamber,
Weak with weeping, pale with pain,
Longing for familiar footsteps,
Ne'er to greet your ear again.
Let your poor heart take this comfort,
Friends of mine, so sad and sweet,
In the thought that earthly aching
Ne'er can reach those weary feet.

How the winter winds are busy,
Piling snowdrifts cold and white,
O'er the mound 'neath which you laid her,
But she is not there to-night.
She is happy up in heaven,
Folded in the sheltering arm,
There the one you love so dearly
Ever more is safe from harm.

You had thought to make her Christmas
Glad with innocent surprise,
But your gifts their charms unfolded
To the glances of their eyes;
For the Saviour far more loving
From His white throne bending down,
Lifted up your darling mother
To her bright immortal crown.

Now she roams the flowery meadow,
Wanders by the living stream,
Reveals in eternal beauties,
Far beyond a mortal dream,
Stanzas of winter cannot chill her
In that summer sunny clime,
And with Christ, the Christmas maker,
She has Christmas all the time.

Our Angel Mother.

Just a year has passed, dear mother,
Since on that solemn night,
We gathered around your bedside,
Till thy spirit took its flight.

It seems as if our hearts would break
As we look upon your chair,
With your white hands crossed upon your
breast,
Your brow so calm and fair.

'Tis there we felt how great our loss,
And how, through all the years,
Thou hadst toiled for thy children,
And wiped away their tears.

The form that we so cherished,
We gently laid to rest,
And tried to bear our sorrow,
For we felt that God knew best.

STORY TELLER.

"A Man As was Wronged."

If it had been a pleasant day, and if we hadn't been out of sorts with our luck, we should have had a word of welcome for the stranger as he entered our camp that wretched afternoon. As it was, fifty of us saw him leave Chinese Trail at Dead Man's Elbow and walk into our camp, and never a man rose up to salute him.

The stranger seemed to expect just such a reception. That is, he didn't seem a bit surprised. He passed down the single street we had named Road to Riches, turned to the left at the lone pine tree, and without once looking around him he staked off a claim and began to erect a shanty.

"Bad man, I'm afeared," growled Judge Slasher, as he partly closed one eye and gave the stranger the benefit of the squint.

"Bin bounced out of some camp for stealing," added the big chap from Kentucky.

"Tell you, he's got a hang-dog look," put in the man known as "Ohio Bill."

Every man in the camp was down on the fresh arrival, and that without cause. Ordinarily we were a jolly set, and a stranger coming among us met with words of cheer, but that afternoon the devil was to pay. The three mules belonging to camp had strayed off and been gobbled by the Indians, and on the heels of this discovery came the announcement that we had only salt enough to last two days, while the sugar was entirely gone.

So we were cross-grained and all out of sorts, and it was lucky for the stranger that he gave us no excuse to pick a quarrel. The next day was bright and fair, and if it hadn't been for Judge Slasher some of us would have gone over and excused our manners and asked the stranger to chip in and become neighborly; but the Judge said:

"He's a bad un, he is. I kin tell it by the way his head is set on his body. First thing we know a committee will come along here and gobble him up fur robbery or murder."

Two weeks had passed, and while some of us had given the stranger a curt "good morning," no one had struck hands with him, or entered his shanty to smoke a friendly pipe. Then a climax came. The six of us occupying one shanty were working in common, and our bag was buried in a corner of the fire-place. One morning this bag was missing, and you can imagine that there was a first class row in no time. There was the hole where some one had dug under the stones and carried off our treasure, and whom were we to suspect? We had faith in each other, and we

could not suspect outsiders because none of them knew where our bag was concealed, and because this was the first case of stealing ever known on Betsy Jane Hill.

Yes, we were mad, and in the excitement of the first discovery we came near having a tree fight among ourselves. It increased our anger to discover that we could not reasonably suspect any one, and this fact made every one of us try the harder to pick up a clue. At length Judge Slasher sprang to his feet with the exclamation:

"By the bones of Kidd! but I know the thief!"

"That hang-dog, sleep stealing stranger! Hang me! I didn't dream of his coming in here last night to borrow a shovel, and it was his digging under the stones which started that dream! He has held aloof from us, and that's proof enough that he came here for no good purpose."

It was a straw to catch at. We lost in a night all we had gained by months of hard work, and we didn't stop to reason. It was decided to lay the charge at the stranger's door, and if he could prove his innocence so much the better for him.

The news that the White House, as we called our shanty, had been robbed, spread like wild-fire, and we started for the stranger's claim, our crowd numbered a full hundred. He was outside at work, and as he saw us coming he was startled. The angry murmurs and black looks must have frightened him. You say that an innocent man would have stayed and braved the storm. As the crowd swooped down on this man he started at a run.

"Halt! halt! halt, or we'll shoot!" shouted a score of men.

"He's the thief—stop him! stop him!" roared the Judge.

Five or six shots were fired almost as one, and the fugitive tumbled forward on the rocks. Three bullets entered his back, and as the foremost man bent over him and turned his white scared face to the heavens he gasped:

"You have murdered me—God forgive you."

"Now to search him!" said the Judge, as he came up, and half a dozen hands made quick work of it. Resting on his breast, and made fast to his neck by a ribbon, was a package wrapped in oil-skin. There was a flutter of excitement as the Judge readily snapped the string and held the package in his hand. It was our dust.

No! We formed in a circle around the Judge as he sat on a rock and opened the package and in less than a minute there were white faces among us. What were the contents? A photograph of a fair-faced, middle-aged woman, and on the card was written:

"Mary—Died June 19th, 1857." That was the dead man's wife! There was a second photograph—that of a babe about a year old, and the Judge read loud in a trembling voice:

"Our Harry—Died April 4th, 1857." That was not all. On a card were locks of their hair. There was a gold ring once worn by the wife, a faded ribbon which her fingers had touched, and a bit of plaid like the dress the baby wore when photographed. Relics of what? Of years ago—of a fond wife and beautiful child—of joy and happiness—of husband's love and a father's grief!

And we were looking down upon these things and feeling our hearts swelling up and our eyes growing misty when up comes our good-for-nothing half-witted cook with the bag of dust in his hand! In repairing the fire-place he had moved the bag, and in the excitement over its supposed loss what little wit he had was frightened away for the moment. The hole under the stones had been made by some small animal in search of food, and in our haste we had accused and murdered an innocent man.

It came to us in full force as we stood there, and many sighed and wiped their eyes and walked away with trembling steps. The Judge felt that he was most to blame. He was looked upon as a hard, wicked man, but those relics of the dead broke him up. He sat there and wept like a child, and in a voice hardly audible for his great emotion he moaned:

"Heaven forgive me for this awful deed!"

With sorrow—with tenderness—with hearts like children, we dug a grave and put the poor baby into it, and with his own hands the Judge planted the head-board and engraved thereon: "Here lies a man as was wronged."

On the "Claudia."

I had just returned home from a successful cruise up Bass River in the snug little schooner *Cornelia*, when I was offered the position of Chief Mate on the *Claudia*, a neat little craft and one of the fastest boats running out of Collins Cove.

Captain C., the owner, was an old friend. He had made several successful voyages to the "Willows" in the *Cornelia*, and by close attention to business to saved money enough to purchase the most beautiful vessel in port and was in a fair way to retire after a few more years of sea life, with a snug fortune.

The equinoctial storm had been more severe than usual that year. Many boats were driven from moorings and anchorage on to the rocks, and had sustained more or less damage. Among other boats which suffered from the effects of that storm, was the *Cornelia*. She was driven hard and dry on to the "Twin sisters," and her bottom suffered itself to be broken up. Of course, I was out a job. It was useless to think of hauling her off and repairing damages, so there she lays to this day with her broadside to the sun, and her cabin the home of countless sea birds who build their nests in the bunk in which I dreamed of great things.

One morning while standing in the shipping office of Bill Brown, Captain C. came up and said, "I would like to see you, Sternpost; walk into the inner office."

"Heave ahead, sir," I replied, "I am at your service."

"Take a seat, Sternpost," and taking himself, the Captain hauling out his plug of Navy cut, settled himself for business.

"Are you out of a job, Sternpost?"

"That I am, sir. The *Cornelia* will never reel off nine knots again. She is a total wreck."

"Ah! so bad that?"

"Yes sir; she's done for."

"Well, Sternpost, I want you to go chief mate with me. I'll give you seventy-five and an eighth of her between decks."

"I've no objection to that, Captain, when do you want me to sign?"

"Now if you will," replied Captain C., and at the same time pulled out a big paper, which proved to be the Articles of Arrangements for a voyage around Cape Ann, etc. A few seconds later Jack Sternpost had affixed his signature to the paper which made him chief mate of the *Claudia*.

"We are taking in cargo to-day, Mr. Sternpost, and shall be ready to sail in two days, for Little Misery."

"Any need of my services on board, sir?"

"Not to-day; but would like to have you down to-morrow, to look after the bending of the sails and reave a pair of wheel ropes."

"All right, sir; I will be down in the morning."

Two days later, a crowd of people might have been seen standing on Car Factory wharf waving their handkerchiefs as the *Claudia*, with her colors flying, went gallily down the harbor before a strong north-west wind.

"Little Misery," to which port the *Claudia* was bound, is a small island not far from Manchester-by-the-sea. It has rather a rocky coast and only one safe harbor in which boats can lie with safety. Nobody dwells on this island. That is, no human being has a habitation there. Birds of the air build their nests and deposit their eggs here. Dead fishes are left on the island to decompose. Guano is sufficiently quantities for small boats is taken from the island. 'Twas for the latter article that the *Claudia* was to stop at Little Misery. As I said before, the *Claudia* ran out of the harbor before a strong north-west wind. The voyage to Little Misery did not occupy more than a few days, and consequently being able to subsist on the fresh meat provided, the crew worked cheerily and cheerfully.

As the approach to the island is dangerous, it became necessary to heave the lead often. For this work, Dick Chains was selected. His first throw indicated "no bottom at fifteen"—i. e., no bottom at fifteen fathoms or ninety feet. A few seconds later, his voice proclaimed the facts "bottom at three, sir."

"Let her huff, Sternpost, let her huff," yelled Captain C.

"Aye, aye, sir," replied Sternpost as he shoved the wheel hard down, and none too soon, for just as she came up to the wind, we heard her kneel graze the rocks below.

"Steady, steady now."

"Steady it is, sir."

"Bottom at ten," cried Dick.

"All right," shouted the old man as he brought his fist down on the house, that was a narrow escape, Sternpost. We shall know better next time.

"Mighty treacherous around here, sir. The 'White Swallow' struck there last spring—do you recollect?"

"Yes, very well. Here we are—keep close to that big rock; steady; stand by jib halyards. Let go. Go forward. Sternpost, let go starboard anchor. Give her fifteen fathoms to wind- less."

"Aye, aye, sir."

The taking on of cargo at this place lasted but one day. The vessel was then got under way and headed for Coolidge Point.

"Coolidge Point" is a beautiful headland a few miles South of Eastern Point. It is high land and from the summit a charming view of all the principal cities bordering on Massachusetts Bay can be had. The Point takes its name from the owner of the land. Coolidge senior has built a spacious mansion, handsomely finished both on the exterior and interior. It is just such a house as our Boston merchant princes know how to build and furnish. Money is not taken into account. Comfort, convenience and beauty, are the principal elements which enter into a Hub merchant's summer residence.

It was to the owner of this point that Captain C. disposed of his cargo, and, loading with potatoes, we again set sail for Fishtown, passing on the way the celebrated port known to all lovers of Longfellow's poetry as "Norman Woe." Remembering the wreck of the *Hesperus*, Captain C. gave that terrible locality a wide berth.

As we neared the town, Captain C. said: "Sternpost, we shall run direct to Collins Cove from here in ballast."

"Why, I thought we were to run down to Buttrillville, then up Cleom Beach River," replied Sternpost.

"But we didn't, you see. I've struck a bargain with old Grimby to take a freight to Marblehead; so we shall discharge potatoes as quick as possible."

The work of discharging potatoes lasted only a few hours, as a large force of men were put to work; then casting off the lines from the wharf, hoisting our sails and things to rights, we were once more dancing on the blue waters of Massachusetts Bay.

As we rounded the point, Bakers Island lights loomed up in the distance. It was now about five o'clock in the afternoon, and at seven we were abreast of the light-house, running at a good rate up the harbor, and arrived at our anchorage just as the old clock on the school house struck twelve.

All hands retired to rest. The sails were lowered and bunched up on the booms so we did not present a very picturesque appearance on deck next morning.

When morning came and coffee had been served, Captain C. said: "Mr. Sternpost, haul into T wharf and serve a triple purchase of three single blocks and suspend it over the hole."

"What size rope, sir?"

"Or, two and half inch will do, only see that it is strong."

"One man in the boat."

"Aye, aye, sir," and quickly Bob Black was sculling C. towards the wharf, where I recognized the form of old Grimby.

Peter Grimby was a well-to-do merchant. Rumor had it that he was worth no less than two million dollars. He, also, had a charming daughter, and this latter attraction with the hopes of some of the old man's gold in the high future were means which caused Captain C. to change his plans.

"Ah! glad to see you, Captain C., spoke up the old man, as he grasped the hand of the Captain. "You look well off there. The *Claudia* is a fine boat, eh, boy?"

"Well, I flatter myself there are none better sailing out of Collins Cove."

"So I think," replied old Grimby. "By the way, Captain C. come right up to breakfast. Mollie will be glad to see you."

"Thanks, Mr. Grimby, I'm all powerful hungry this morning. I think I shall do justice to Miss Mollie's catering."

"Well, here we are, Captain Chapman, my daughter—Miss Mollie—"

"Ah! happy to know Miss Mollie," replied the Captain. "Hope we are to be warm friends."

"I guess we shall, if you do right," laughed Mollie.

"Well, I never do 'wrong,' so saying, he followed old Grimby to the breakfast room where the buckwheats were awaiting the attack.

All that was said and done at the breakfast table is of little moment, except the arrangement made by which Miss Mollie and her friend, Susie Nickle were to go around to Marblehead in the *Claudia*.

Susie Nickle was a very pretty blonde, the daughter of a Commander in the Navy. She was almost a rival of Mollie Grimby; but as Old Grimby's bank account ran deeper than Commander Nickle's, Mollie did not fear the pretty features of her friend. She rather courted them, for they brought many gallant young men to her mansion, who would not otherwise have found their way.

But Mollie did not care for style. She did not care for wealth. She had enough of it and some to spare. She had seen Captain C. before, but had never been introduced. She was introduced now and she was bent on making the most of it. She had succeeded in getting her *Pa's* consent to allow her to go around to Marblehead in the *Claudia*, and she succeeded in catching Captain before they were out of the sight of Collins Cove. The effect of Mollie's advances on the Captain were tremendous. He left everything to Sternpost and surely Sternpost did not mind that, for he too found time for a little flirtation with Susie Nickle. On the voyage around to Marblehead, which lasted only five hours, more progress was made in love affairs than I have known to be done in five years. Surely the Captain was doing his level best, and so was Mollie. Each was bent on winning the other without knowing the other's intentions.

On our arrival, and after the parties had gone on shore, I was surprised by Captain C. sending me the following note:

"Mr. Sternpost—You will, after discharging, proceed to Collins Cove, and there await instructions."

I started to obey my instructions. I set sail with a good breeze, but when more than half way home, the wind died out, the current of the tide carried me on the "Yellow Tops," where the *Claudia* now lays basking under the cover of the winter's snows, and Captain C. having made a good voyage on the sea of matrimony, is no longer required to toil on the mighty deep, but reclines on velvet cushions in the mansion of Old Grimby.

As for Sternpost, he made a bargain with Susie Nickle, by which they concluded it would be better for them to go under one name than two. Sternpost no longer goes to sea, but lives quietly on a large plantation way down in ole Virginia. "MELAS."

Strange Races of Men.

EARLY ENGLISHMEN.

The forefathers of the modern Englishman came from the district now called Sleswick, but which was called Angeln, or England, in the fifth century after the birth of Christ. It lies on the heart of the peninsula which parts the Baltic from the northern seas. They were divided into several tribes, the principal ones being the Engles, Saxons and Jute, and after they conquered the Britains of England, they were merged into one nation and called the land they had won England and themselves Englishmen.

They lived in ancient Angeln in towns separated from each other by forests. Each township, (so called from the 'tun,' or rough fence and ditch which surrounded it) was independent of all others. The chief building of each town was the residence of the Etheling, or earl, who governed it. Around it clustered the lowlier dwellings of the freeings or ceorls or warriors. The earl was distinguished for his wealth, and was held by the ceorls in hereditary reverence as their leader. This claim of leadership, however, rested on the free recognition of the villagers, as every ceorl was equal.

They were very clannish, and upheld each other in their disputes with others. When one of them committed a crime, his kinsmen were in fact his sole judges—they would permit no interference on the part of outsiders. Every outrage was held to have been done against all who were linked in blood to the doer of it, every crime to have been done against all who were in blood to the sufferer from it. Each kinsman was his kinsman's keeper, bound to protect him from wrong, and to see that he wrong

no one. When one of them committed murder he was not put to death, but his kinsmen had to pay a certain price to the kinsmen of the murdered man as damages for the deed. They fought side by side, and dwelled side by side. Each town took the name of the family who lived in it, thus we have Billingham (the "ham" or home of the Billings) Harlington (the "tun" or town of the Harlings) &c. The plow lands alone were permanently allotted to the families of the freemen—the woodland and pasture being free to all who claimed to be ceorls or freemen. The next in rank to the ceorl was the tiller of the lands of another, or, as he was called, the laet. He too was free in the sense that his life could not be taken by any one—except his lord. To the lord, however, he was bound to render due service in the tillage and in fight. He could leave neither the lord or the land at his will. As long as he stuck to the land and obeyed his lord his life and limbs were safe. The next and last grade in the village was the slaves. It was a class which sprang mainly from debt or crime. Famine sometimes drove men to sell both themselves and families to some one who would provide them with food. The criminal, also, whose kinsmen could not or would not pay the fine demanded, became a crime-serf or slave to the plaintiff or the chief. In all cases the slave became a part of the live stock of the land he tilled. His children were also slaves, and the child of a slave mother was considered a slave even if his father was a freeman. Stripes and bonds were rare but still the master had the right of life and death in his hands. If a stranger slew a slave, his lord claimed damages, if the slave was guilty of wrong doing, he might be flogged to death."

The government of the village rested solely in the body of the freemen, whose holidays lay around the moot-hill, or sacred tree, where the community met from time to time to admit members do pass laws, elect headmen, and punish offenders against the laws. This assembly was called Moot, and was the germ of the English Parliament. Besides the village-moot, they had a sort of council of the tribe, each village sending delegates to it. This was called the Hundred-moot, and judged graver crimes which involved life or death. Above the Hundred-moot stood the last and highest court, the Folk-moot—the general muster of the people in arms, at once war host, the highest law court, and the general Parliament of the tribe.

The religion of the early Englishmen was pretty much the same as the rest of the German tribes from which they sprung. The chief god was Woden, the war god. Our own names for some of the days of the week still recall the names of some of the pagan gods. Wednesday is Woden day; Thursday the day of Thunder, the god of air, storm or rain; Friday is Freas day, the deity of peace, joy and fruitfulness; Saturday, the day of Sætere; Tuesday, the day of Tiw, to meet whom was death. There were a host of other gods whom they worshipped, but the above will do for a specimen.

The English were great warriors; the songs of their bards are almost all in praise of war. A grim love of hard fighting has always been a characteristic of the race. Their arms and weapons, helmet and mailshirt, tall spear and javelin, sword and axe, the short broad dagger which hung at each warrior's girdle, gave color and poetry to the life of the Englishman. Each sword had its name like a human being. The English were passionately fond of the sea, and lavished pet names on their ships. It was "the foam bird," "the water-floater," "like a bird," etc. The English, while they would think them uncivilized judging them by the present standard, were far from being mere savages if we judge them by the nations which surrounded them. The remains of their dress, arms and jewelry, which have come down to us, while they are rude compared to those of to-day, show that the arts and trades were cultivated among them. Cloaks were often fastened with golden buckles of curious and exquisite form, set sometimes with rough jewels and inlaid with enamel, while rings, amulets, earrings, etc., prove that they knew something of the goldsmith's art.

CYRIL CADWALLADER.
Jan. 12, '82.

The best time to catch soft water is when it is raining hard.

A soft answer turneth away wrath, but it is different with a soft corn.

A SILENT LIFE.

Overhead white clouds are glowing;
Round no breezes cool are blowing;
Upon the wing song-birds I see,
But cannot hear their minstrel.

Noisless is the rushing river,
Where bright sunbeams glint and quiver;
Grave silence fills the chilly air,
And all around me everywhere.

I've wondered why so listlessly
I'm doomed to sail this restless sea,
And longed, but, oh! with longings vain,
To hear earth's sweet, sweet sounds again.

But, after all, perhaps 'tis best
That silence be my constant guest;
In this still life of solitude
I hear no clamorous voices rude.

And happiness indeed I find
Communing with a noble mind;
God's blessings are so vast and free,
Some pleasures he provides for me.

Though never in this changeable clime
May I list to the notes of time,
Yet some glad day I hope to hear
God's music sounding sweet and clear,—

Sounding sweeter, because so new;
No matter if my joys are few,
Savior, help me to know thee here,
That I may praise thee over there.

KATE M. FARLOW.
(The young lady who wrote the above is a semi-mute teacher in the Iowa Institution.—Ed.)

Minute Mechanism.

There is a cherry-stone at the Salem (Mass.) Museum, which contains one dozen silver spoons. The stone itself is of the ordinary size, but the spoons are so small that their shape and finish can only be well distinguished by the microscope. Here is the result of immense labor for no decidedly useful purpose; and there are thousands of other objects in the world fashioned by ingenuity, the value of which, in utilitarian sense, may be said to be quite as indifferent. Dr. Oliver gives an account of a cherry-stone on which were carved one hundred and twenty-four heads, so distinctly that the naked eye could distinguish those belonging to popes and kings by their mitres and crowns. It was bought in Prussia for fifteen thousand dollars, and thence conveyed to England, where it was considered an object of so much value that its possession was disputed, and it became the object of a suit of chancery. One of the Nuremberg top-makers enclosed in a cherry-stone, which was exhibited at the French Crystal Palace, a plan of Sebastopol, a railway station, and the "Messiah" of Klopstock. In more remote times, an account is given of an ivory chariot, constructed by Mercedies, which was so small that a fly could cover it with its wing; also a ship of the same material, which could be hidden under the wing of a bee! Pliny, too tells us that Homer's Iliad, with its fifteen thousand verses, was written in so small a space as to be contained in a nutshell; while Elian mentions an artist who wrote a distich in letters of gold, which he enclosed in the rind of a kernel of corn. But the Harleian M. S. mentions a greater curiosity than any of the above, it being nothing more nor less than the Bible, written by one Peter Bales, a chancery clerk, in so small a book that it could be enclosed within the shell of an English walnut. Disraeli gives an account of many other exploits similar to the one of Bales. There is a drawing of the head of Charles II. in the library of St John's College, Oxford, wholly composed of minute written characters, which at a small distance resemble the lines of an engraving. The head and ruff are said to contain the Book of Psalms in Greek and the Lord's Prayer. In the British Museum is a portrait of Queen Anne, not much larger than the hand. On this drawing are a number of lines and scratches, which, it is asserted, comprise the entire contents of a thin folio. The modern art of photography is capable of effecting wonders in this way. We have before us the Declaration of the Independence, containing seven thousand eight hundred letters, on a space not larger than the head of a pin, which, when viewed through a microscope, may be read distinctly.

Love is lowliness; on the wedding ring sparkles no jewel.

Adversity borrows its sharpest sting from our impatience.

To the christian, whose life has been dark with brooding cares that would not lift themselves, and on whom chilling rains of sorrows have fallen at intervals through all his years, death is but the clearing-up shower; and just behind it is the songs of the angels, and the serenity and glory of heaven.—Beecher.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL

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E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, (published at 1624 Street and Tenth Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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The January number of the *American Annals of the Deaf and Dumb* is an especially valuable one, and contains what will be of interest to all who can appreciate intelligent information regarding the deaf and dumb. "President Garfield's Connection with the Deaf-Mute College," by Dr. E. M. Gallaudet, very appropriately is the leading article, and is a fine illustration of the deep and unostentatious interest which President Garfield took in the education of deaf-mutes, and the substantial assistance which he gave in forwarding the interests of the College. Principal Greenberger next has an article on "Arithmetic," practically illustrated. This is followed by "The Dignity and Religious Development of the Language of Pantomime," by Rev. F. J. Clerc, D.D. Then comes a "Tabular Statement of the Institutions for the Deaf and Dumb of the World." The tables contain the location of each institution for the deaf and dumb, the name of the principal or chief executive officer, the number of pupils (in most instances males and females separately) and teachers, method of instruction, and how supported. The following is a brief summary of the number of Institutions in each country, and the aggregates of pupils.

COUNTRY.	No. of Insts.	No. of Pupils.		
		Male.	Female.	Total.
Australia	3	74	59	133
Austria-Hungary	17	645	446	1,091
Belgium	10	482	382	864
Brazil	1	32	32	64
Canada	6	412	309	721
Denmark	4	150	176	326
France	60	1,056	1,301	2,357
Germany	36	1,042	908	1,950
Gr. Britain & Ireland	34	1,331	1,090	2,421
Italy	35	815	676	1,491
Japan	2	67	28	95
Netherlands	5	256	209	465
Norway	5	152	128	280
Portugal	1	7	1	8
Russia	3	125	97	222
Spain	17	385	265	650
Sweden	11	182	198	380
Switzerland	55	4,034	2,955	7,019
United States	364	11,820	9,347	24,862

*The reports from the Prussian Institutions do not include the sex of the pupils.

The above is a sample of the amount of information in a condensed form, which fills twenty pages. After this is a short article by David S. Rogers, B.A., a teacher in the South Carolina Institution, entitled "Efficiency and Intelligence in Teaching." Notices of Publications, Institution and Miscellaneous Items, take up the remaining thirteen pages.

The Biennial Report of the Maryland School for Deaf and Dumb, for the years beginning October 1st, 1879, and ending October 1st, 1881, is on our table. The report gives evidence of prosperity and progress. There have been in attendance 121 pupils. The corps of teachers, with the exception of additions to their number, are the same as in the previous report. The combined system of instruction has been practiced, and many of the pupils who have been selected to receive instruction by the articulation system, have given evidence of successful progress. The expenses for the year 1879-80 amounted to \$29,001.89 and for 1880-81, to \$24,667.26, the difference in the amount being caused mainly by building or permanent improvements. The audiophone and dentophone have been tried and are pronounced of no benefit whatever. The report was printed by they of the school, and considering the amount of practice which they have had in the the art preservative, it has been executed in a creditable manner.

One of the deaf-mute societies in London, England, and one which reflects credit upon our trans-Atlantic

brethren, is the National Deaf and Dumb Teetotal Society. The second Annual Report of this Society has been forwarded us by its President, S. Bright Lucas, Esq. The society numbers 136 members and is in a healthy condition. The receipts during the year have been £30, 18s, 6d, and the expenses £28, 12s, leaving a balance in the hands of the treasurer of £2, 6s, 5d (equivalent to about \$11.60 in U. S. currency). The First Annual Tea meeting was held on the 5th of January 1880, at which over 240 persons participated. We hope to hear more about this commendable organization, and trust that its members may increase and its usefulness become more substantially apparent.

Notices.

Deaf-mutes are invited to attend service in Christ Church, Bedford Avenue, Brooklyn, E. D., next Sunday, January 22nd, at 7:30 p.m. Rev. Dr. Gallaudet will interpret the service and make an address.

God willing, there will be a service for Deaf-mutes in Trinity Church, Broad St., Newark, New Jersey, on Sunday, January 22d, at three o'clock p.m.

CINCINNATI.

Christmas came and went away, without any notable event outside the usual festivities. Taken altogether, it was rather a very quiet and dull one.

A number of Kentucky mutes attended a party given on Christmas day, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Wilson, of Independence, Ky., twelve miles from here. "Mercury," and several other Covington mutes, were invited, but were unable to go on account of horribly wet weather—our country friends will please excuse. We were very sorry, as we missed a real nice time and that big turkey.

Millard Fulton, of Demosville, Ky., spent Xmas in Porkopolis, and he found it very dull, and wished he had gone to the party at Mr. Wilson's. That mighty Nimrod(?) Phil. Thines, returned from his extensive(?) hunting expedition to the Dark and Bloody Ground, on Christmas, and to our disappointment he did not bring any game. Try again, Phil.

Miss Gould has gone to the country on a visit to her sister, Mrs. Swen. Mr. and Mrs. Lewis have changed their base from Cincinnati to Ludlow, where Mr. Lewis is working. Perhaps that skiff experience prompted him to move across the river.

Misses Morin and Woliski, and Mrs. Alfors returned home from their visit to the country last week, and they said they enjoyed it hugely, only mud being in the way. Miss Morin was sunk into the mud, and was lifted out by a derrick.

Mrs. E. M. Gray, M.D., mother of Miss Leonora, of Brooklyn, is here, stopping at the Grand Hotel. She will pay her respects to the society some Saturday evening.

"Dummy Wiles," a well known character, of Cumminsville, a suburban town, had an attack of delirium tremens during Christmas, and was taken care of by his friends till he got well. His friends will give a ball for his benefit on the 22nd of February.

Among the managers, I notice County Treasurer Miller and several other prominent citizens, and it is strange that these citizens are willing to help such a drunken mute.

It is rumored in this city that Mr. E. Souweine, of New York City, a well known favorite here, is engaged to a young semi-mute lady, living in the East. It is hoped that he will come here on a bridal trip, where he will be given a warm reception by his numerous friends here.

The Anderson Deaf-Mute Society held its regular meeting last Saturday. A Committee, consisting of Messrs. Joe Vance, Otis Vance and Hoagland, were appointed to secure grounds for the next picnic. Also a Committee—Messrs. Kelly, Thines and Hoagland—was appointed to audit the accounts of the Treasurer, and report at next meeting.

A new office was created—that of sergeant-at-arms. Joe Kelly and Chas. Binz were put in nomination, and the election resulted in favor of Kelly. Captain Kelly will be furnished with a pair of horse pistols, a bowie-knife and a "Bogardus kicker," and he will enforce order at the meetings, and clean out all disorderly persons. As he has Celtic blood in his veins he will do it, and I advise all noisy persons at the meetings to behave, or they will feel that "Bogardus Kicker."

Wm. J. Blount suggested that the society should contribute something toward the Garfield Memorial Fund, and after some discussion, the matter was laid on the table for further consideration.

REV. A. W. MANN'S APPOINTMENTS.

Detroit - - - - - Jan. 22th.
Chicago - - - - - " 29th.
Dayton, O. - - - - - Feb. 5th.
St. Louis - - - - - " 12th.

The services at Dayton will be held in Christ Church, at 10:30 a.m., with the Holy Communion, and at 7:30 p.m. The Rector, Rev. J. T. Webster, extends a cordial invitation to the mutes of Day to and vicin.

ITEMIZER.

The girls of the Philadelphia Institution, were presented with twenty-four pairs of roller skates during the holidays.

Charles A. H. Goeblitz would like to know the address of Thomas Green, of Philadelphia, through the JOURNAL.

G. W. Evans is doing some excellent sign painting around town. He is at work on one for this office that will eclipse all of them.—Perry Chief, Perry, Ia.

If our friend of the *Wisconsin Deaf-Mute Times* will pardon the suggestion, the proper word to begin the "we" column is "Editorial," not "Editorial."

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The next "Sociable" will be held at Mr. McNally's residence, 101 Gordon Avenue, (west side), Cleveland, O., on Thursday evening, February 2d. We wish all to come.—Cor.

Mrs. Wealthy L. Beers, (nee Miss Lyon), of Montana, N. J., had the misfortune to lose her little girl baby last November. It only lived a few hours after being born. Miss Beers is a sister-in-law of Mrs. S. M. Lyon, of Averill, N. Y.

Poetical Pot Pie is the name of a very popu, lar game with the young ladies at the Philadelphia Institution. Their gentleman friends call it "Pop the Question," owing to the fact that he is requested a second game with the same lady should feel especially honored.

It is reported that M. and Mrs. Moses Smith of Jonesville, N. Y., have attained to the honor and dignity of grandpa and grandma of a very fine boy of eight and a half pounds. It was a New Year's present too, only the little stranger arrived the day before to be sure to be on hand. The young man will assume the name of—Beers.

Gniliemus wrote us:—"A few days after the New Year's, the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL came to hand, as a fresh newspaper. Oh, my! what a beautiful head-dress the JOURNAL has. I was well pleased with its heading, as it was strong to the redolent eyes of its readers. The readers will always find the JOURNAL full of mute news and interesting reading. The JOURNAL is always a live paper, keeping with the genius and spirit of American progress to the deaf-mutes."

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E. F. Wallace, a deaf mute who arrived in Erie yesterday, claims to have been robbed of his purse and railroad ticket in Buffalo. The man who would rob a deaf mute must be very low down in the scale of humanity.—Erie, Pa., Dispatch, Jan. 13.

Miss Agnes Reifnyder is a favorite of Kate Deninger, of Lancaster, Pa. Miss Reifnyder lives in Reading, Pa., and has not seen her friend for three years. She will go to Lancaster soon to visit her. Both are accomplished ladies.

Mr. John R. Lewis, of Philadelphia, wishes to know the address of Mr. Henry C. Niemann, of Pittsburgh, in the item column of the JOURNAL, or he can write to Mr. Lewis, address 1410 Montrose Street, Philadelphia, as he wishes to write to Mr. Niemann.

Miss Jennie (not Annie) P— is pleased to hear from Mr. Upham through the JOURNAL. Yes she will dance with Mr. Upham in her mind at the next party for a renewal of "that chat," attend the next party to be given here soon. The young ladies join Miss P— in returning thanks to Messrs. Upham and Heyman for their kindly "New Year's wishes."

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Mr. L. Leek and his wife accompanied with their good friend A. M. Stoffel, to Boston. They were seen at the service on New Year's Sunday. They report having enjoyed themselves very much at the levee and banquet. They were pleased to see their classmates, schoolmates, and others mute friends again, for they had not seen them for several years.

J. R. Lewis, of Philadelphia, and Mr. Hewitt, of Camden, N. J., are going to join Small Base Ball Club in Camden, N. J., next Spring. They are deaf-mutes. The members of the Small Base Ball Club are speaking persons. Mr. Lewis will be pitcher. Mr. Hewitt will be catcher. Mr. Hewitt was educated at the New York School. Mr. Lewis says he always likes to be a friend of Mr. Hewitt.

Mr. Charles Snare, of Philadelphia, died several weeks ago and was buried on Sunday. Messrs. Edward D. Wilson, Young, Campbell and Brandt were the pall bearers. Snare was a young man about 24 years of age, very quiet and kind hearted. About 26 deaf-mutes came to see the dead man on Sunday. Consumption was the cause of his death. The officers and teachers of the Philadelphia School were very kind and contributed many flowers to ornament the coffin.

Mr. Charles F. Sax and his wife, M. Derham, of Watertown, Conn., and some other deaf-mutes called at Miss A. M. Stoffel's residence, on Christmas Sunday eve. They were much pleased to indulge in pleasant conversation. They also were much pleased to see a small tree which was loaded with many pretty toys and other things for Miss Stoffel's sweet little niece who is about five months old. They were well treated. Miss Stoffel always takes pleasure to seeing her mute friends and others when they call on her. She also takes pleasure in reading the JOURNAL for she likes to hear news about of the mutes in every State.

Some deaf-mutes have the queerest notions of things, here is the latest—Albert D. Horn, of Lamberville upon being notified that H. A. H. had broken his arm, immediately began to explain how worse came from the stomach into the broken part, at up the remainder of the arm below the broken portion, then returned it in the form of an entire new one. If this don't beat all science we are at a loss to know what does. The same fellow has an idea fixed as firm as the everlasting hills that when we die if all our flesh will go to Heaven and our bones to Hell. He says he cannot believe otherwise, for don't he see pictures of nice plump angels and grinning skeletons of Devils. Please publish this to show how ridiculous some mutes' notions are when they are not willing to have them explained away.—Mero.

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Mrs. W. N. Dolph, of Waymart, is visiting at Scranton for three weeks.

Wm. N. Dolph would like Miss Mary Frame's address through the JOURNAL.

Mr. Wm. N. Dolph is a blacksmith and wagon-maker by trade, and has a big job.

One of the members of the Knights of Honor, of Cornwall-on-Hudson, N. Y., invited Peter W. Edmonston and his sister Sarah to the public installation on the evening of Friday, January, 6th.

The DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL began its XI Volume last week, with a handsome heading, which was designed by Mr. Frank M. Senior, and engraved by Mr. Leo Greis, both residents of Brooklyn, and ex-pupils of the New York Institution.—Chronicle.

DEAR EDITOR:—The statement that I am engaged to a certain deaf-mute lady of Harlem, is untrue. It was only an idle gossip. The writer had ought to ask me if it was true before putting it in. Yours truly, W. A. JACKSON.

ATTLEBORO, Jan. 13, 1882.

The DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL of New York has a new heading, which is very pretty and unique. The work was done by two deaf-mute gentlemen, both former pupils of the New York Institution, Frank M. Senior and Leo Greis. The JOURNAL began its eleventh year with its last issue.—Mirror.

Miss Frances MacIntire, daughter of Dr. Thomas MacIntire, Principal of the Michigan Institution was married on January 11th to Mr. Morris M. Rose, Editor-in-chief of the Indianapolis Evening News. Mrs. Thomas L. Brown takes the position of teacher made vacant by Miss MacIntire's marriage.

MARRIED.

ROSS—CANAAN.—Near Belle Centre, Ohio, on January 12th, by the Rev. A. W. Mann, Mr. David M. Ross, of Lewis Centre, and Miss Nanine E. Canaan, of Belle Centre; both graduates of the Ohio Institution.

HYMENEAL.

On Wednesday last, at 10:30 A.M. Miss Frances MacIntire, the youngest daughter of the Principal of the Michigan Institution, was united in holy matrimony with Mr. Morris Ross, the Managing Editor of the *Indianapolis News*, Rev. Mr. Curtis of the Presbyterian Church in this city, officiating in the presence of a large concourse of friends, and teachers of the Institution. Among those present were the three other daughters and the sons-in-law of the Principal, Mr. and Mrs. Foster, Mr. and Mrs. Martindale, and Mr. and Mrs. Vinton. Quite a number of wedding presents were displayed, some of which were elegant and valuable. Refreshments were served at noon in Mrs. MacIntire's rooms, after which the happy couple departed on the 1:30 o'clock train for Detroit, intending to make a tour to New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington.

Mr. Ross is a very handsome and agreeable man, and is said to be a brilliant young journalist.

Miss MacIntire has endeared herself to all with whom she has been associated, and has been a favorite of the Institution and the delight of all the pupils on account of the sweetness of her disposition and her smiling countenance.

The *Flint Globe* says: "During the brief years of Miss MacIntire's residence in Flint, she has won the esteem and admiration of many friends by the goodness of her heart and by her charming manners, and there will be much regret that she is no longer to reside here. Mr. Ross, in the casual visits he has made here, has also won the esteem of all who have met him. May peace and prosperity abide with them in the new home which they go to make for themselves." S. H. H.

Cleveland Pickings.

Miss Ida White was summoned home by the illness of her mother a short time ago. She is expected to be at school again after a while.

Five mutes are distributing type for the "boys" at the *Leader* office. They make money just for fun.

On February 1st, there is to be a sociable at Miss Mary McNealy's on the west side. A large attendance of guests is anticipated as Miss McNealy is a popular young lady.

Four new cases of smallpox have spread in Cleveland, although none of our class has caught it. Vaccinate! Vaccinate!! Vaccinate!!! is the command from the Board of Health. Bad weather, if it continues, might cause the spread of the disease here. Watchfulness is the order of the day at the depots.

Rev. Mr. Mann has gone to Pittsburgh, where he delivers a sermon to the mutes.

Christmas and New Year's passed away quietly, and the New Year—1882—comes on hand to give us good resolutions, not to do evil work. We hope that all mutes hereabouts will resolve to quit drinking, smoking, and so on.

W. D. Edwards, it is said, has worked twenty-three straight nights without rest since a regular, who went to Canada on a brief visit to his folks, put him on his cases for two weeks. Brave! steady! Lots of money, eh? He says he is going to have a rest for a week or so. Where he is going, or whether it is the object of a visit to his "sweetheart," is the question of his friends here. "Settle down?" Not yet, but he will after a while, sure!

The other night a mute was seen sporting a nice suit of clothes which he recently purchased, and a few nights since he has been seen with one of those pretty belles in the city. Attachment of love is being made. There is no doubt of his going to ask her to affirm "yes."

Mr. A. W. Hedden, of Palmyra, N. Y., who has been on an extensive

visit to his relatives in Ohio, was in town Saturday last, where he was introduced to the mutes. With regret, he could not stay longer and had to go home. He says he has been a subscriber to the JOURNAL for 11 years, and before that he was a subscriber for the *Radio*, thirty-four years ago.

Notes from New England

EDITOR JOURNAL:—The new year novel head of your excellent paper not only excited our admiration, but gratified us to know that the JOURNAL had entered upon its eleventh year with assurance of its safe and permanent basis, notwithstanding many new papers since its birth. The low price of the Metropolitan large weekly journal is within reach of all deaf-mutes, and deserves universal patronage.

It is not my habit of relating my visits through a newspaper, but I trust that my recent trip to Boston and visit to my *Alma Mater*—the American Asylum—may be interesting to her numerous graduates scattered all over the nation. Meeting old friends at the Boston Levee and seeing my relatives again after eleven and a half years absence, proved to be one of the pleasantest in my life.

The Levee was a perfect success as to the number of mutes present and entertainments, but as to the financial result, I think it was not so satisfactory, as the officers naturally hoped for big profits. Big rent of the hall and so many complimentary tickets impeded their sanguine expectations.

The number of people present was variously estimated from 250 to 350, but I believe 275 was about right, including a good number of hearing people. On inquiry, I found that about fifty mute residents of Boston and vicinity stayed out, perhaps owing to the high price charged for admission. I am sorry to say that very few of the numerous folks of Lowell and Lawrence honored the Levee with their presence. It shows clearly that they are hostile to Hubbies since the latter refused a union picnic last summer, and stole the date of their proposed picnic. Beautiful Christian harmony!

It was noticeable that a majority of those present were strangers to me after my short absence. Many came from the Northampton and Boston Articulation Schools, but it was a gratifying fact to know that they seek our society, and the charming French sign system would swallow them up after they graduate.

We should not forget to congratulate George A. Holmes and Harry White on their successful management and giving full satisfaction for the high prices.

Mr. Bryant, a student of the National Deaf-Mute College, said to me that he enjoyed the Levee tip-top, and I hope all others say the same.

Age begins to tell on nearly all of my old friends. Old Thomas Brown holds up his age very well (78). George Homer, also over 70, looks younger, possibly owing to his very lively wife, who graduated from the New York Institution. I forgot her maiden name. She looks not over 25 years. I also noticed that widow Barnard (nee Edson) looked younger than when I went South, though she is over fifty and a grandmother. Her father, whose name was Edson, was the famous living skeleton. They all said I looked good, and of course I liked that, and don't want to be an old man, but we can't keep young always. I had no time to fulfill numerous requests to call at their homes, for I had only five days' leave of absence from my work. My family is still in Boston district, but I expect them to move to Connecticut early next summer or sooner.

On my way home, I stopped at the American Asylum and was received courteously. I had not been there for fifteen years, and found considerable changes therein. Only two teachers—

COLLEGE CHRONICLE

Resuming Studies.

THE CLASS OF '82.

Literary and Other Events

The second term of the collegiate year opened January 4th; at which time the majority of the students were on hand and ready to resume college work. Those who spent the recess at home or in visiting their friends, were treated to an agreeable surprise upon re-entering the dining room. It will be remembered that on the occasion of the Christmas soiree, this apartment was transformed for the nonce into a ball room, and in order to set it off to advantage, the committee had taxed their ingenuity to produce a pleasing effect. In consequence, the room has been decorated in quite an artistic manner, which does great credit to those who had the matter in charge. This part of the soiree in itself must have been a success, no matter what the other failings, if any, may have been.

THE CLASS OF '82.

Since this is our first communication for the new year, it seems to be appropriate that a few words should be said of the class which bears the mystic numbers, '82. Our lady readers must not suppose that this number indicates the ages of the respective members of the class; this is but the figurative title of what in plain language is known as the Senior Class. The class first saw the light of day way back in the dark age of '76, at which time it began a prosperous existence with something near thirty members. Though its numbers have dwindled to one-fifth of its original strength, prosperity still remains with the veterans and promises to continue with them to the end. As at present constituted, the class has six members, who pretty evenly represent the four sections of the country as follows: North and East, two; West, two; South, two. The individual members of the class with the States they hail from are Robert M. Zeigler, Pennsylvania; Thos. H. Coleman, South Carolina; John G. Saxton, New York; Lars M. Larson, Wisconsin; E. L. Van Damme, Michigan; Geo. Layton, West Virginia.

LITERARY EVENTS.

Shortly after the opening of the term, the "Lit." prepared for an active campaign during the next three months. For this purpose it called its members together, and after mature deliberation, they agreed upon the accompanying list of officers: President, Lars M. Larson, '82; Vice President, Harry Reed, '83; Secretary, George W. Veditz, '84; Treasurer, N. P. Morrow, '85; Critic, Jas. L. Smith, '83; Librarian, C. S. Deem, '85.

On Tuesday, the 10th inst., Miss M. F. Gordon, the instructor of articulation in the Primary Department, was hastily summoned to her home in Exeter, N. H., by the sudden death of her aged mother. Miss Gordon, but a few days previous, returned from spending the holidays with her mother, who days in a hale old age, having seen 84 winters, seemed to be enjoying the best of health.

In her bereavement, our friend carries with her the deep sympathy of all upon the Green, who trust she may receive the Divine sustenance in this trying moment.

AFTERNOON STUDY HOURS.

Recently a petition was presented by the students for the consideration of the Faculty, asking for the repeal of the afternoon study hours. The petition sets forth that the majority of the students do the most of their reading in the evening, and being perforce obliged to remain in their rooms for two hours in the afternoon, it is practically a waste of time. While no definite answer has been received from the Faculty, it appears to be the opinion among them that while it is desirable to accede to the request, the present time is not the most proper for putting it into effect. Probably a favorable decision will be rendered, and with the commencement of the next college year, the afternoon study hours may be abolished.

Competition for supremacy at bowling still continues, the lead being alternately won and lost by various individuals. During the recess, Van Damme, '82, ran up a score of 237, which all believed would remain the highest score for some time to come. However, it did not, for a short time afterwards, Collins, '86, came forward with a score of 247 out of a possible 250. How long his record will stand at the head, it ain't possible to say. There are a number of students who put great faith in the curve bowl, and believe that 250 will soon be made by some one. This is not at all impossible, but the advocates of the straight bowl give it their opinion that when 250 is reached, it will be by one who does not use the curve. We will see later who is right.

Thursday night we had a fall of snow, accompanied next day by the phenomenon of a shower of snow-balls. It is very queer how great an attraction they have for a person's head, and how they fly around in any but a pleasing manner. In fact, such

is their attraction that even the Seniors occasionally lose their dignity when a well-aimed ball takes their hats on the wing. At such times the Scriptural advice of forgiving enemies is practically no good. The odds are that instead of the other cheek being turned for a slap, the fist of the slapper would make a bee-line for his opponent's eye. At any rate, it is dangerous business going through the corridor after 5:30 p.m., and there are many doubtless who have felt a rather hard round substance come into collision with what is vulgarly known as the bread basket, and wish they knew who did it. Alas! such is human nature. One can't see the beauty of a snow-ball unless he is using it for the benefit of another.

LESTER MONTROSE.

Jan. 14, '82.

Late Mignonets.

"Better late than never." Christmas and New Year's have come and gone with their joys and sorrows. Xmas was the day of all days for us.

"Sky Parlor" is now justly styled "card parlour," being literally full of Xmas cards. "Juliet," won't you have a peep.

"Little Rosebud" received two nice little gifts from Evansville in the shape of an exquisite lace collar and a dainty kerchief. The donors were Betta Mayer (Hebrew) and Lena Reining.

The rosebud card occupies an exalted place in "Card Parlour." We envy it.

We presume the anxious public are satisfied "ere this" as to our whereabouts Xmas day.

"If a body meet a body coming through the town,

If a body kiss a body, need a body frown?"

A baker's dozen more or less were bound to have "St. Louis" just here and there in large bold letters—"So be it" (borrowed from Hamlet)

We care not we care not. What that baker's dozen say, we think they're mighty curious. Both anyhow and away.

We would say to each and all of western soil that our "rapid transit" visit was for Miss Mamie Nettleton, and no one else in particular. It has been done before, and can be done again. So there.

"M. and M." had a laughable time Xmas night. Haven't time or space to go into "particulars." Suffice it is to say one of the "Ms" laughed longer and louder than the other "M" did at the moonlight picnic at Aurora, two summers ago. Member it don't you "2812."

Mrs. Nettleton's colored boy, who waits on the table and makes the fires, had regal fun playing off a joke on Miss Mamie and her visitor the night before Xmas. They thought the house was full of "hobgoblins."

We strolled through "Lafayette Park" while in St. Louis. It is simply lovely, and equally as pretty as any of the St. Louis pictures of New York Central. Jaccard's grand jewelry house was another feature of our sight seeing. It made us wish dew drops were diamonds.

Miss Franc Nettleton receives letters from New York City every day. 'Tis nice to be thusly thought of, eh?

Ye local of the new Colorado sheet wonders how we got beyond the Mississippi when our machinery was in full blast. Well we got leave of absence, that's how, and there was no partiality about it either.

La petite Corrie Nettleton is about as bright a little Miss as any one would care to find. She is a splendid performer on the piano, and looks "radiant" when she sings "Comin' thro' the rye."

Miss Bertie Chapin is a frequent guest at "2812 Locust," and is muchly thought of at said domicile.

We accidentally "touched upon" Mr. Chas. Wolfe's re-vaccinated arm. We, of course, asked his pardon on the spot, but he was "hurt to death."

Will thou, canst thou, grant it now? We couldn't conceive a certain young man "out west" that English Opera House beats Pope's all to smash, so we will extend him an "invite" through these columns to come with "Emma Abbott" when she comes, and see how wise you are.

"Newcomer's" room has been transformed into a regular "Japemese boudoir." There are things Japanese in every nook and corner.

It is "on dit" that Miss Mamie is to have a new brother-in-law, who hails from Brooklyn Heights, N. Y., whose christian name is Charles, and whose cognomen is Van Winkly.

Miss S. H. Summers visited the Illinois Institution week before last, and had a most enjoyable visit.

The refreshments served up at Mrs. Corwin's on New Year's day reflected much credit on the hostess.

Little Harry Louis Houdyshell, aged eight months, has six teeth. How is that for 2th.

Little Lizzie Vail is quite well again. She celebrated her recovery by slipping behind the door, and clipping off handful after handful of her hair.

The Kendall students' "grouped photography" reached Indiana soil last week. It may be truly said that the "Indiana students" always were a good looking set.

Miss Emma White is said to favor the actress "Effie Ellsler," of Hazel Kirke combination.

We could fill a whole column with "a lot of something," but life is so short, it wouldn't do, so we will console ourselves with the old adage "chickens always come home to roost."

"Since brevity is the soul of wit, and tediousness the limbs and out-

ward flourishes, I will be brief," and walk out of "the crowd." No more at present.

From yours truly,
MIGNON.

INDIANAPOLIS, Jan. 13, 1882.

Beverly School Items.

The following was clipped from the *Beverly Citizen* of January 14th: "At the school for Deaf-Mutes everything has resumed its usual course. About two-thirds of the pupils went home to spend the holidays and have returned safe and sound. Those who remained were not forgotten by kindly-disposed persons, who furnished them with small things suitable for children. These children also attended the Christmas tree at the Episcopal Church by invitation of Miss Whitney and the Rector, Rev. Mr. Welwood, and they enjoyed themselves as much as the other children did, as was evident from their happy laugh and sporting about.

The school re-opened on the 4th inst., with all the pupils but one in attendance—that one exception having been detained at home by sickness, and is expected back this week. Among the presents made to the school was a good-sized foot ball by Mr. Samuel Cross of this town for the use of the boys, who appreciate it hugely. They may be seen playing with it on any fair day. Mr. Swett, the energetic superintendent, has made a pretty storm door which greatly improves the appearance of the building. He is also putting up a picket fence in front of the house. He is seriously considering the question of enlarging the building next summer so as to admit more pupils, who have applied for admission, in the fall. At present, the building has much as it can conveniently accommodate, and an outlay of two or three hundred dollars will be necessary for the enlarging of the building. It is desired to make room enough for twenty or more pupils for the next term. The number of pupils at the present time is fifteen, nine boys and six girls. In other respects, the school will be well provided for. The live stock has received several additions and the farm is in good condition."

In addition to the above, it must not be forgotten that Alden F. Osgood, of Natick, sent two pretty Christmas cards to each pupil of the school, nor that a kind hearted lady in Boston sent candies and toys, nor, thirdly, that Mr. Almos Smith, of New Hampshire, sent a barrel of Baldwin apples, and half a peck of chestnuts to the school.

Miss Lottie Swett, of New Hampshire, who attended the Boston Levee, came here to spend a few days, being a relative of the family. She expressed herself as having enjoyed her visit. Lottie is a charming young lady, of whom any mute may be proud to own as a wife. "Come again, Lottie."

The one exception referred to in the *Beverly Citizen*, was Dutee W. Acheson, a son of Mr. Adam Acheson, of Roslindale. He was attacked with what was at first feared to be Diphtheria, but, on medical inquiry, it proved to be nothing worse than Tonsillitis. He recovered soon enough to come back accompanied by his mother, who staid over night. Before Mrs. Acheson left, she said she had seen enough of the school to be satisfied that she was leaving her boy in good hands. Nothing amused her more than the sight of the Newfoundland dog, drawing one of the little girls on a sled. Major, the name by which we call him, is a favorite with the pupils. He is a splendid looking specimen of his kind, handsome, with black hair.

Major has such an antipathy to a long beard that the flowing hirsute ornament, of which Prof. Weeks, of Hartford, is so proud, aroused his ire so much that he growled and almost jumped up at the offending ornament, when he came here on a visit two years ago. He hates tramps, and seems to be able to distinguish a member of that family from a gentleman. So much for a dog.

Pittsfield Mass.

I am sure that I like the JOURNAL better than the other mute papers. It is a very interesting paper.

Mr. Willie H. White came home from the Hartford School to spend with his folks during the Christmas day. He called on Oliver F. Bastion and John J. Bedford to invite them to come up to his house to take a Christmas dinner on Sunday, and they had a splendid time. Willie has gone back to Hartford.

Matthews F. Cheevers was called by two Fahy girls on New Year's day to see him, and had a boss time. He failed to go to Boston to attend the levee on account of his health.

Oliver F. Bastion, a deaf-mute who has been visiting Miss Emma E. Holden of Brattleboro, Vt., and had a pleasant time in spending Christmas day with her. His mother's birthday was yesterday, and she was 63 years old.

Miss Emma E. Holden, a deaf-mute lady, who visited Mrs. John E. Craue of Hartford, to spend the Christmas day with her, had a very good time and returned home in safety.

A few Pittsfield deaf-mutes are surprised to hear that there are five deaf-mutes living in Dalton, Mass., which is four miles from Pittsfield, Mass.

A deaf-mute came from New York City last week to look for a job but he could not get it. His name is Samuel H. Taylor. He said he was going to Springfield, Mass., to look for work.

'RAH! 'RAH!

Manhattan's Levee.

EXCITEMENT IN MUTE CIRCLES.

What the Committee has Done.

Just before the meeting of the Manhattan Literary Association was called to order last Thursday evening, a rumor prevailed that the Boston Levee, financially and otherwise, had been a grand success, which caused considerable excitement in regard to the one to be held in this city on the evening of February 21st. One of the committee happened in the room at that moment, and was instantly surrounded and numerically questioned as to what had been done in regard to it. From his answer, there can be no doubt but that the "workers" are pushing things with a determination that augurs well for success. No intelligent mute living hereabouts can go to a gathering of his fellows without being struck by the enthusiasm displayed in regard to the great festival. Generally he finds some one blessed with an unusual "gift of gab" holding forth to a small but admiring crowd on the question of the day—the coming Levee.

Already, many persons living in New England, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and various parts of our own State have been heard from, who have stated their intentions to be present at this levee, providing the hall is kept open all night.

Last Monday evening, the Committee of Arrangements held their first meeting, and after organizing, went to work with a vim, "cut out" a programme which will be subjected to modifications and improvements hereafter, appointed sub-committee to look after various details, and transacted a vast amount of other business.

On Tuesday evening, Messrs. Wilkinson and Reynolds went to Manhattan Hall and had a lengthy conversation with the manager, the upshot being that previous terms were considerably modified to the advantage of the Association, the engagement of good dancing music, and the critical examination of the hall, lat, cloak and dining rooms, kitchen, etc., all of which were found to be in good order and in keeping with what they were represented to be by the committee which engaged them.

As to tickets, they will be issued immediately, and can after the 16th inst., be obtained from any member of the association, the price being \$1.00, each ticket admitting ONE GENTLEMAN AND TWO LADIES.

As the expense of this grand affair is very large, the committee would consider it a great favor if those intending to be present will purchase their tickets immediately, so that an estimate of the cost can be made a week before the levee actually takes place. If by that time the number of tickets sold warrants it, extra amusements will be procured. Those intending to take supper at the hall will please give their names to the person from whom they procure their tickets.

January 14, 1882.

LATEST.—The hall will be opened from 7:30 P.M. to 6 A.M.

THE COLORADO INSTITUTION.

[From the Colorado Mountaineer.]

The board of trustees of the deaf-mute institute were in session in this city Tuesday and Wednesday. Dr. R. G. Buckingham, of Denver, president, and Judge G. H. Stewart, of this city, treasurer, transacted the business, the secretary, Matt France being absent in New York. The most important matter for consideration was the examination of the new wing to the building, which was only recently completed. After a critical examination of the building in company with the architect, Mr. Frank Weston, and a careful comparison of the work with the plans, the gentlemen expressed themselves well pleased, and declared the work to be first class in every respect. The stone work, which was done by Richens & Feeney, of this city, is really better than was called for by the contract, and will be a lasting monument to their ability as workers in stone. The carpenter work, done by Anderson & Gaby, also of this city, is complete in every respect, and the whole building gives the best of satisfaction. The board at once accepted the work, and ordered the bills paid.

The trustees very highly complimented Prof. R. P. McGregor on his management of the educational department, and expressed the belief that that department had never been in as good condition as at present. Mr. McGregor is a young man, well educated and of a decidedly energetic disposition, and he has imbued his pupils with the same spirit of energy, and the result has been that a lively interest in their books has been aroused among them.

Some temporary changes have been made in this department. Mrs. Kennedy is relieved from teaching by the employment of Miss Emma Cox, a deaf-mute young lady from Canon City. Mr. Harbert has been relieved

of a great deal of mechanical work on the *Index*, by the appointment of William Webb, one of the pupils, as foreman of the printing office.

The domestic department received its usual careful examination, and was found to be, as always in the past, in an excellent condition. The bills of the past two quarters were allowed, and warrants for their payment drawn.

The session was a very pleasant one indeed, and the trustees expressed themselves much gratified with the condition and working of the school.

A CARD.

MR. EDITOR:—"There is no leisure without alloy," and this seem to be the way with "Mignon's" flying trip to St. Louis, Mo. She went there especially and expressly to visit an old time friend, and "sight seeing" in that large city was literally crowded into the smallest "nut-shell"—yes, so much so that she was thereby compelled through extreme politeness, *not rudeness*, to decline several pressing invitations, which was looked upon by *inconsiderate parties* as a slight upon them, and when "Mignon" on her return to "Injanny Land," wrote up a brief synopsis of her visit there (hardly rested over the fatigues of the journey and excitement) unintentionally omitting the names of the party, she visited, the "inconsiderate side," out of "pure spite," armed with the paper containing the article, visited the family recently honored by "Mignon's" presence and poured forth the following: "Mignon" was too modest to tell through the JOURNAL columns whom she had been visiting, so omitted her name in her article." What an enormous and ridiculous delusion! There isn't the merest iota of truth in it from Alpha to Omega. St. Louis deaf-mutes well knew in whose family she visited, and was it necessary for "Mignon" to go through the land trumpeting and proclaiming her visit to *personal friends*? What an absurd idea, and what a poor excuse in trying to evoke revenge upon "Mignon" just because she didn't, and could not, visit anyone else there.

1-13-'82.

WISCONSIN ITEMS.

ED. JOURNAL.—I have not seen many items in your paper from this part of the country yet. I will try to send you some local news.

About ten deaf and dumb persons live in this town—three girls and seven men.

A few weeks ago, a deaf and dumb man of Madison, Wis., was run over and killed by a freight train between here and Cross Plains. His name was Peter Palm. The oldest pupils of the Delavan, Wis., school will recognize him. They tried to scare him off the track by whistles and brake, but in vain. After he was struck the train stopped and carried him to the depot and several doctors were summoned, but he died soon after and was taken back to Madison. I was down to see him and recognized him. His neck, leg and back, were broken in several places. He was a single man, and was seen at our reunion last summer, at Madison.

Next house from here, there are four deaf and dumb persons, three boys and one girl. One of the boys is working on the new Rail road, between here and Sauk City. Another fellow is working on a farm, the other is in School in Delavan. The girl is at home helping her mother. Their name is White.

Another family, by the name of G. W. Tollis, is living about half a mile from this house. He has a semi-mute wife and a baby girl, about eighteen months old. He picks up any kind of work. His wife is a big woman, and is warm enough to melt the snow. This is the reason we have no sleighing this winter. The roads are pretty muddy.

Hugh Cork used to live here until last summer, and went to Minneapolis to work in a cooper shop. His parents live here. They came from Manchester, England, some years ago. Hugh went to the school in Manchester for four years.

Thomas Foy is a shoemaker for the Lunatic Asylum at Madison, Wisconsin. He was here on a visit a few weeks ago.

Charles C. Bishop has a family here, of one little wife, and sweet girl baby eleven months old. The baby has almost finished teething, a rare thing at her age. Last October they went to see their brother's wedding at Stoughton, Wisconsin—a "big affair." Then they went to see the old folks at Evansville, Wis., for a few days, and visited a deaf and dumb family two nice and pretty girls, and one fellow at Albany, Wis. Their name is Meinerit garnet. Meinerit is carpentering in that town at \$2 or 2.50 per day. I thought he was going to lead a "fair bride" to the altar some time about last Christmas.

We have a big "dummy" that lives in this town without clothes on a home or shelter. Although he has a very large lot of work, and a number of friends. He has to sleep on the ground all night this winter, but cannot be frozen to death. Do you understand it? It is an engine, and runs daily between here and Sauk City. The Company has no home (round house) for him; but they will build it before long.

Charles C. Bishop takes your paper. He thinks it a fine and excellent paper for the deaf-mutes. He thinks that Wisconsin should be represented often in your paper.

Santa Claus did not forget us. He presented some fine articles on Xmas.

JACK FROST.

NEW YORK.

Jottings of a Week.

AN UNSIGHTLY SCENE

A Variety of Cullings.

The lawsuit of Pownall vs. Harvey in Brooklyn City resulted in Pownall withdrawing from the business, and it is said he soon intends to start out "on his own hook."

The meeting of the C. L. U. was quite largely attended last Wednesday. The Treasurer's books were examined, and were found to be correct. The examination lasted over an hour, and while the books were being examined, the members mounted the rostrum in succession and, many entertaining stories were told. The most interesting was a sketch of prison life on Horis Island, the paupers' burying ground of the Metropolis, by Mr. Denner, and so vividly did he describe the horrors of such a life that many shuddered.

After the books had been examined, business was resumed. Several motions were made, and nearly all carried. One of these was that hereafter collections shall be taken up at the Sunday Service, the money so collected to go to the fund mentioned in last week's JOURNAL.

One of the principal features of these meetings is the absence of those undesirable characters, who are non-members and who make it a business to interrupt the proceedings as often as they can.

One new member was enrolled, another promised to join next week. The Union now numbers just twenty-two members, and every week finds new additions. The latest is a graduate of the Buffalo Institution.

It is the practice at nearly all social parties of deaf-mutes, and we expect it will be at the M. L. A.'s levee, to offer prizes to the winners in certain contests. It has generally, also, been the practise to offer as prizes, religious books, such as bibles, prayer books, and other religious articles. This is a very good thing in itself, but is not altogether proper. The persons who have the thing in hand generally buy the above mentioned articles from places where articles pertaining to their own religion are sold.

All deaf-mutes are not of the same religious belief, and a catholic deaf-mute would not think of such a thing as receiving as a prize a bible of a protestant publication, no more would a Methodist think of receiving a Presbyterian hymn-book, much less taking it home. A Jew would not care about receiving any kind of religious books, except those of his own faith. In many cases, we have no doubt, the religious articles offered as prizes at the Boston Levee, were not altogether satisfactory to the winners, and less costly articles would have been more appreciated, for the simple reason that they could be used.

If the M. L. A. intends to offer prizes in any games, there are plenty of things to choose from, and they had best leave religious articles alone, and only offer such as will offend none, and as they intend to have a levee "for the people" they ought to make it so that all could receive anything won without displeasure.

Mr. McNally is too "utterly, too, too" nowadays. He strides around as he owned the city, and is looking down on his former companions, and in some cases, has "cut them clean."

The meaning of this change is that Oscar Wilde, the apostle of Aestheticism has landed on our shores. What has this to do with Mr. McNally, the reader will ask. But wait. The family physician of the McNally family, while existing in the ever "Green Isle," was the elder Wilde, the father of Oscar. Mr. McNally in his younger days, no doubt, taught Oscar all his tricks, and now feels so big that he planted his seed in fertile ground that he too mounted the high horse.

Three thousand unskilled hands were thrown out of work by the burning of Havemeyer & Elder's Sugar Refinery, in the Eastern District of Brooklyn. Several of them were deaf-mutes.

John F. O'Brien, James P. Donohue, and James O'Neil and another mute, were seen at the Windsor Theatre, in New York, recently. Tony Deiner's Humpty Dumpty was the bill, and we have no doubt it was enjoyed by the mutes.

Two sisters of Charity and another lady, all teachers of the deaf and dumb, were at St. Francis Xavier's last Sunday. One of the Sisters is the Principal of the Female Institution for Deaf-Mutes, at Montreal, Canada, and is travelling, we are informed, through the United States to learn the method of instruction.

Rev. M. R. Costin delivered a short sermon in St. Francis Xavier's last Sunday, and was followed by Mr. McNally, who also made a few remarks.

Rev. John Chamberlain preached in St. Ann's Sunday, before a large congregation of mutes. Several out of town mutes were present.

The meeting of the Manhattan Lite-

rury Association opened at 8 p.m., with the following question, or something like it, to be debated:—"Ought members of the Gospel to take active part in politics?" The result was 8 noes and 5 yeas.

Then the levee was taken up. Before the proceedings began, one of the members moved that all non-members be requested to leave the hall, as the public have received a wrong impression of what the M. L. A. does from our blunders in writing the proceedings, but as he had no good reasons it was not carried out.

As to not giving a correct account of the proceedings, we only found it that out at that meeting. If we did not give every thing as it is, why did not some of the members say so? The columns of the JOURNAL are open to all, and if we did not understand what is said, we are willing to be corrected. But this don't seem to be the thing the aforesaid young fellow, who sails under the three stars, wants to have the writing up of the M. L. A.'s proceedings all to himself.

It is at last decided to hold the levee, ball, reunion or whatever it is to be, on the evening of Tuesday, February 21st. Sixty-five dollars have been appropriated for the use of the hall; and if we are correct it will be enough to keep the hall open till, say, 6 A.M. next morning.

Chairman Wilkinson wishes to have deaf-mutes serve the refreshments, and have charge of the lunch room, and the proceeds to go to the M. L. A.'s Treasury. This is a first rate idea and will save much trouble, as it will not be necessary to borrow a pencil and scrawl your order, which possibly the waiter cannot read.

Music will be furnished, and, as the Committee have made a personal inspection of the rooms, it seems to be a first class hall, with retiring rooms, dressing-rooms, hat and coat rooms, etc.

During the meeting, a drunken loafer, who has been mentioned before in these columns, tried to create a disturbance. He threw something across the room, and the President ordered the Sergeant-at-arms to remove him.

When requested to leave the room, he refused to do so. Mr. Campbell, the Sergeant-at-arms, then used a little force to persuade him to move. The drunken brute then jumped to his feet, and struck the old man, who is old enough to be his father, knocking him to the floor.

After this, as if proud of it, he swaggered out of the room. Whether he received a trashing or not, we are unable to say, but every body is set against him, and from appearances it seems as if he will soon get what he deserves.

The loafer's name is Michael McFall, and it is not the first assault he has committed, and we did not say any thing about the other as we supposed he would take the hint, which we gave in rather a clear way to reform.

The assault committed before, was on a young fellow, formerly his schoolmate, who had done nothing to merit the assault. It seems McFall is one of those conceited bullies, who take offence at the least thing, and is continually quarrelling even with those who try to be friendly with him.

He is a regular Hercules, and can easily obtain work if he tries to obtain it, but he seems to prefer loafing around round holes to working.

William Temple is in Bellevue Hospital, laid up with some kind of sickness.

The M. L. A. held a special meeting on last Monday, for the purpose of nominating officers for the ensuing year.

The tickets to the levee are out. The price of admission is \$1 for a gentleman with two ladies.

The price to the lecture on "John Stephenson" to-day, in the M. L. A.'s room, is twenty-five cents.

X X X.

Hoosier State Items.

Betting matches are in vogue here and the first bet of the season took place between Mr. A. Jutt and Mrs. William Corwin. The lady winning a lovely mull tie selected by Mr. Jutt himself, which speaks well of his good judgment in shopping. The teachers often meet at Mrs. Corwin's home, which is becoming the resort of pleasure and gaiety, and Mrs. Corwin is such an entertaining hostess. A birthday party is anticipated there before long.

Mrs. Harry Bierhaus received boxes and boxes, C. O. D., during the holiday week, in which were many elegant Christmas gifts from relatives, and her room in "Castle Silence" is a perfect bower of beautiful things and another resort of the teachers in the evening.

"Mignon" and "Bella L." are about to start a "Fancy Card" manufactory, while we contemplate a trip to "China Land."

NEWCOMER.

On the 3d of January last, in Baltimore, there were thirteen mute ladies and ten mute gentlemen including several hearing friends, who were invited to a party in honor of Miss Annie E. Barry, one of the most amiable and intelligent mute ladies in the Monument City. Her father, W. R. Barry, Esq., is a warm friend to the deaf-mutes and one of the directors of the Maryland School for Colored, Blind and Mutes. Among the mutes were Misses Ijams, Percego, Haldy, Hattie Blyler from Virginia,

FANWOOD.

Life at the New York Institution.

THE AIRY SNOWBALL

One Week's Gleanings.

(From our New York Correspondent.)

The snow storm last Friday morning was appreciated by Fanwood's youth. The rain in the latter part of the day caused it to lay like mud and pack as hard as a stone. A number of chums assembled in a body at the entrance to the wash-room early in the day, and woe to the unfortunate whose business compelled him to pass that way. A perfect avalanche of snowballs whistled about his ears. However, with one or two exceptions, the victims took a cheerful view of the matter, and did not lose their temper, although in many instances they would have been justified in so doing.

In summer the mosquito, the petulant mosquito, around you comes a-buzzing, and makes you and appear; but in the windy winter it is the airy snowball that skins along the highway and takes you on the ear.

If at any time during the winter we have good sleighing, would it not be a good plan for the boys to get up a grand sleigh ride some Saturday afternoon? They could invite their favorite lady friends and have a good time. We do not think a six-horse team and a large bob sled, capable of accommodating about 30 persons, would cost a great deal. At any rate, the fun would well repay the cost.

Walter L. Bingham, a High Class student, who has been at home for the past six months, arrived here on the 10th inst. He says he has not fully recovered from the railway accident which befell him some time ago.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Field, of Minneapolis, Minn., paid the Institution a visit on the 11th inst. Mrs. Field is a sister of Mrs. T. H. Jewell. Mr. Field is an extensive shoe manufacturer.

At an election of officers of the Evangeline Boat Club, December 10th, the following gentlemen were chosen:—Captain, W. Ennis; 1st mate, C. D. Newton; 2d mate, E. E. Smith; Secretary, Geo. Porter; Treasurer, F. Crocker. A Capelli was voted sponge boy by acclamation. "Blushing honors rest thick upon him."

Mr. Brainerd, our esteemed steward, celebrated his fifty-sixth birthday last Saturday. In appearance he is ten years younger, and is a fine specimen of what a man of strictly temperate habits may become.

The stereopticon lecture, owing to some oversight on the part of those persons whose business it is to furnish oxygen and hydrogen for the instrument, was delayed about three fourths of an hour last Saturday evening. However, the pupils and assembled guests did not appear to deplore the event, judging from the way their fingers flew during the interval necessary to arrange matters. The subject of the lecture was the travels of the Prince of Wales around the world in a yacht. That it was immensely appreciated, the frequent stamping of feet fully demonstrated.

The terrible railroad accident, on Friday evening last, at Spuyten Duyvil, a few miles above the Institution, caused no little excitement among the pupils. We are informed some of the boys footed it to the scene of the catastrophe Saturday afternoon.

The M. L. A. holds its levee on Tuesday evening, February 21st. The day after is Washington's Birthday, and therefore a legal holiday. On the evening of aforesaid day, the pupils of Fanwood hold a masquerade. Now, we think it a good plan for the graduates of Fanwood all over the country to give themselves a treat by attending the levee, spend the next day sight seeing in the city, and witness the masquerade at the Institution in the evening. By this arrangement they would be "killing two birds with one stone," and afford themselves as well as their friends here at school pleasure.

Henry Valentine, a former pupil, visited the school Monday last. Two years ago, Henry, with his head brimful (?) of knowledge, obtained by about two months' work in the printing office, shook the Institution dust from his feet and loudly proclaiming that he was a full-fledged printer departed to startle the apostles of Faust in New York City with his unparalleled wisdom. For the first two weeks or thereabouts, he sat patiently on the curbstone outside of the Sun office, waiting for "something to turn up." But it didn't turn worth a cent, and after an exceedingly hard time of it Henry finds himself to-day earning \$4 per week, setting reprint from a nonpareil case in the darkest corner of one of the most badly ventilated and ill lighted down town printing establishments with not the ghost of a chance of ever doing better.

Ye Fanwood printers, who are too old to be taught or know too much already, take warning. There is a little more to learn in the old office yet. You are not so far advanced but what you can afford to add a little to your stock of information. When you graduate and commence earning your bread each succeeding day will lower your abilities in your own estimation. Every night you will retire to rest with the uncomfortable but nevertheless truthful reflection that you do not know as much as you did the night before. Every day something will happen which will make you regret the opportunities wasted while at school. Deaf-mutes printers, waste not your time in the school-room. Utilize every precious moment in acquiring knowledge. Without knowledge you can never become a printer. Knowledge is the foundation stone of printing. Lost not a moment in the printing-office. Every moment lost here will be an additional cause for regret in the future. Endeavor to do everything well, no matter how hard it may be or how strong the temptation to shirk it, and in the end you will never regret it.

GRACE H

A Series of Interesting Letters.

RELAT HOUNG, LYNCHBURG, VA., Friday, Jan. 5, 1882.

DEAR MR. HODGSON:—I am waiting at this hotel to go to Salem, Roanoke Co., Va., to hold a service next Sunday for four or five deaf-mutes, one of whom graduated at the Pennsylvania Institution about fifty years ago. The rector with whom I am to hold service, was born in Staunton, some years after I went there in 1839. Since my last letter was dated at Raleigh, N. C., I have met with several pleasant incidents, which I think are worth relating. At Greensboro, N. C., a gentleman told me that there was a deaf-mute printer named Mr. Ray, in town, but I could not find time to go and see him. Not very far from that city, a wonderful growth, lives another deaf and dumb man whom I taught in Staunton in 1841, and whom I have never met since he graduated in 1845. He was the first teacher appointed in the N. C. Institution, but alas! he gave up his honorable place, for what reason I cannot say.

At Richmond, Va., I met Mr. Johnston, the deaf-mute druggist, and had pleasant conversations with him. He told me that one of my old pupils had been in town a few days before. His name is Mr. John Marshall Turner, and he was indeed one of the brightest pupils that I ever taught. He is a fine farmer, and has a fine speaking wife. He is considered a mute of more than ordinary intelligence. He carries his small slate in one of his boots while walking and riding about, and takes it out to convey his ideas on. It is his habit. His marriage ceremony took place in the same church where Patrick Henry made a thundering oration against the tyranny with which George the Third was treating his fellow people. I remember Patrick's grand daughter's being introduced to me at Staunton in 1841. She was then a fine lady.

On the Richmond and Danville railroad, I came across a traveler who surprised me by spelling on his fingers as good as we do. He had a deaf-mute cousin in Virginia, and no sooner than I found out his name, I told him that he was once my pupil. The traveler said that he was a resident of Memphis, Tenn. The deaf-mute I allude to, has several relatives deaf and dumb by intermarriage, which is common in Virginia.

At Charlottesville, Va., I had the honor to dine with one of the highest professors of the University of Virginia, within its walls which Thomas Jefferson, the third President of the United States, founded in 1825. He is called the Father of the University of Virginia. He got the idea about the whole establishment chiefly in Europe—largely from Greece. The state gave all the money to build and organize the University. Mr. Jefferson originated the plan, scheme, etc., and was an excellent architect. He had excellent and broad views about education. His grandson is Mr. Thomas J. Trist, one of the teachers in the Pennsylvania Institution, at Philadelphia. The professor with whom I dined, told me that Thomas Jefferson had many relatives deprived of hearing and speech, probably by intermarriage. They are believed to have intermarried on account of dignified ancestry, or descent from Pocahontas. It is a fact worth recording that he once conceived an idea of adding a deaf-mute department to the University, but the scheme was strongly opposed. He would have been called the Father of the deaf-mutes, but for the opposition. His late residence can be plainly seen from the University, though it is about six miles distant.

At Lindsey, Va., we passed in full view of a small frame house, where lived a blind preacher from whom have descended many great men, among whom was the late Rev. Dr. Alexander, of the Princeton College, in N. J. His sister was the first Staunton lady who welcomed me to her cheerful large fire at the hotel of her husband, when I arrived in a cold snow storm, my hands being so benumbed that I could hardly write. She was a true mother to me in the land of strangers. Afterward I always called her my Virginia mother till her death, at whose deathbed I stood out of affection and respect. Great men always stopped at her homelike house. Among them were the late Lewis Weld, principal of the American Asylum, the late Rev. Joseph D. Tyler, the first principal of

the Virginia Institution, and Mr. Woodruff, deceased, one of the teachers in the American Asylum.

At Manchester, Va., live a number of deaf-mutes, one of whom I taught in 1840. She is mingling in good society. I met her a few days ago, and found her somewhat changed. Time has dealt with her.

I must bid you good night, as I am about taking the night train for Salem, Va.

I hope to be able to write you a poor scrawl from that place.

SALEM, ROANOKE CO., VA., Monday, Jan. 8, 1882.

DEAR MR. HODGSON:—This is the home of an old deaf and dumb man by the name of Henry J. Snyder, who attended the Philadelphia school while the late Lewis Weld was Principal, and for whose benefit I held a joint service with the rector of the Episcopal parish.

It may be interesting to you to know what Mr. Snyder has told me. Last Saturday I called on him in his solitary room and had a long talk with him, not only about religion, but about old times.

He showed me his old bible which the late Principal Hutton gave him about fifty years ago. His affection for him as a teacher remains undiminished. No wonder, he said, Mr. Hutton was a beautiful sign-maker. He was taught by Lewis Weld, Charles Lee, A. Hutton, and William R. Houston.

He says that Mr. Houston is still preaching and teaching school at Union, Monroe Co., Va. Mr. Houston is a relative to the late General Samuel Houston, of Texas. He was connected with the Pennsylvania Institution for several years when he resigned to go to Greece as a missionary, in which position he remained a length of time, and then returned to the place where he now resides among the Alleghenies. I had the pleasure of meeting him in Staunton, about thirty years ago, and I found a pleasant gentleman in him.

Mr. Snyder showed me his old blank-book, in which I saw some excellent stories prepared by his teacher, Mr. Houston. I requested him to interpret one of the stories to me, which he did with correctness. The book has Mr. Houston's fine hand-writing in it, and bears date, April 2d, 1828. It looks as if it had been much used. The story which he delivered in signs was as follows:

"A bald eagle was standing on the limb of a dead tree, when he saw a fish hawk descending and plunge into the water. The fish-hawk emerged with a fish in its bill, and was carrying it through the air, when the eagle saw the fish and flew so fast in pursuit, that the hawk dropped it. The eagle then descended and caught it before it reached the water, and soared with it in his beak in triumph." Mr. Snyder called the eagle a robber.

I would like to give you some more but time forbids it. I know from experience what all the educated mutes at home should read, are good story books prepared for their own use—well adapted to the capacity of their minds. But it is a pity that but few books have been published for their use. I would like to write such books, &c., if I had the means and time.

Mr. Snyder showed me another old book, which the late Lewis Weld presented to him. I found his handwriting very natural. He spoke of him with affection and friendship. He signed that it took him thirteen days to go from here to Philadelphia, in a two-horse wagon. It must have been a tiresome ride. Travelers can now go there in from ten to twelve hours! He is 71 years of age.

He has been living in this same place fifty years. He is a good shoemaker and harness-maker. He may be called a man of steady habits. He says that there are a number of deaf-mutes living in this neighborhood; some of whom are at school in Staunton, Va.

The rector with whom I conducted the service last night, was born in Staunton, Va. His father was rector of Trinity Church, when the Deaf and Dumb and Blind Institution was opened at Staunton, in 1839. I knew well. He has gone to a better world. Salem is much resorted to by strangers every summer, on account of several mineral springs. It is very pleasantly situated, surrounded by high mountains. It will soon be connected to Baltimore, via Staunton, by railroad.

Last Saturday night, while I was writing a letter, an owl came in this house, and a young lady caught it. I am told that owls are flying about at night. The owl was, I believe, compelled by starvation to come in, the snow being about six inches deep.

At Lynchburg, Va., I met a young gentleman, who gave me one of his cards, on which was printed W. H. Tacher, with the Philadelphia Press. He said that he had received a dispatch from Mississippi, informing him of the approaching death of his brother, and he was therefore on his way there. He was a fine looking gentleman. I feared he may have found him buried not long since. I was the recipient of a postal from Mr. John Barriek, of Cincinnati, O., informing me that he had sent me a copy of the constitution of the Anderson Deaf-Mute Society, with the recommendation of the Executive Committee. I was conferred an honorary member. I have got the copy and thank him for it.

At Lynchburg, my warm friend, a young Romanist, recognized me and patted me on the shoulder and shook me hard by the hand. Soon he took a piece of paper and wrote on it "I am much pleased to see that you are doing so much good." He is one of the largest and tallest men you ever

saw, and is also one of the largest railroad contractors in this country. He has often given me a helping hand in my troubles.

The snow is on the ground, but it is melting away fast, the weather being so warm.

At Lynchburg I met a gentleman whom I saw at the Atlanta Exposition. I feel at home in almost every place, because I meet my traveling friends.

Two ladies accosted me on one of the railroads and told me that they attended my services at San Antonio, Texas, last Spring.

My conscience advises me to send to you, deaf-mute Christians, three different prayers at meals which you can say on your fingers from memory. They are as follows:

BREAKFAST GRACE.

"Our Father which art in Heaven: we thank Thee for Thy care over us through the past night. Watch over us throughout the day. Our trust is in Thee alone. Bless these 'bounties' which Thou hast provided for us, for Christ's sake. AMEN."

DINNER.

Our Heavenly Father: we humbly beseech Thee to accept our thanksgiving for the mercies Thou hast provided for our use. Hear us for Christ's sake. AMEN.

SUPPER.

Almighty God: we thank Thee for this day's mercies and humbly pray for Thy care throughout the night. Accept our thanks for these and all Thy mercies, and bless them to our use for Christ's sake. AMEN.

If you, deaf-mute Christians, will study the above prayers and commit them to memory, you can say them at all meals by heart, and it will be for God's glory.

I must say good morning before taking a journey of two or three days' duration. I hope to reach my destination safely, God permitting. I leave this morning.

THE STEAMER SIDNEY, OHIO RIVER, Thursday, Jan. 12, 1882.

DEAR MR. HODGSON:—We are now ascending the Ohio River on board the Sidney, a fine Cincinnati and Wheeling packet.

I am bound for Wheeling, in which city I expect to hold a service next Sunday night. I shall take advantage of the service to visit my faithful friends, Geo. W. Steenrod, Esq., and his lady, both intelligent deaf-mutes, so called where they reside. My stay with them will be necessarily brief on account of my vast mission work.

We have just passed in full sight of the frame house at Point Pleasant, West Virginia, under the roof of which I spent the happiest hours with my wife, now deceased, in 1844. It made me feel very sad to see two large oak trees still standing near the house, under which we both often sat on the green grass enjoying very pleasant chats in our language. I mean, the sign one. I will tell you how my wife saved my life at the house during a dark night in that year.

At the expense of a relative, I traveled west with my devoted companion during one of the vacations at the Virginia Institution. We arrived at Point Pleasant on board a new steamboat called Zachary Taylor in honor of Gen. Zachary Taylor, while he was the Whig Candidate for President of the United States. He was elected as you all know. We feel our way to that house owing to the darkness of the night to visit our relatives for a few days to get well rested, because we had been constantly on the go for about a month. I knocked at the front door several times and they cried out, saying "who are you?" as often, and receiving no answer, one of them was about to fire a loaded pistol at the door when my good wife's familiar voice went through one of the windows and they knew at once that it came from her. They ran and opened the door welcoming us both in with great joy. They then fainted. Behold, my unworthy life miraculously saved by my affectionate wife. I owe many sincere thanks to a Higher Power for having delivered me from several narrow escapes from danger. I know I have met with several unseen narrow escapes from death.

It may be proper to relate one of my escapes, as follows:

When I was a little boy, I was enjoying the sweet sleep of an innocent child, when a fireman with a fire helmet on his head, entered my chamber, and lifted me out of my comfortable bed with the tenderness of a true father without awaking me, but no sooner than he took me out I opened my eyes and was frightened at seeing a house opposite on fire. He carried me to a kind neighbor's and put me on the hearth before a cheerful old fashioned fire, there being no stoves in common use as they are now.

Before this reaches you, you will have been informed that I held a joint service in Salem, Roanoke Co., Virginia, last Sunday. Thank God, it was a good success. I bade good bye to the fine town last Monday; enjoyed the night's sleep after a fatiguing ride all day, within the walls of the university of Virginia; took the cars for Staunton the next morning; met my son Loring at Staunton a few minutes; resumed my journey for Huntington, West Virginia, at 1.25. The next morning, reached the latter place, at sunset last evening got on board this boat this a.m., at one o'clock, and reach Parkersburg to night at about 10 o'clock to take the cars for Wheeling.

At the University of Virginia, my brief visit was made pleasant. I was shown through the buildings founded by the late President Thomas Jefferson. I found everything so well arranged as to show his good judgment and taste.

I cast my eyes over a very fine and large collection of minerals from all parts of the world, at the Hall of Science, founded by the late Peter Brooks, of Rochester, N. Y., who gave \$25,000 towards its building. There is also a very attractive museum there, containing a good number of stuffed animals and birds. I know they would be pleased to accept as a present some stuffed animals or birds from Prof. Schoolfield of the Danville, Ky., deaf-mute school, a stuffed taxidermist. His name would be honored on the roll of donors as long as the University stands.

Huntington is quite a wonderful growth, it being a wilderness about fifteen years ago. Heavy blocks of houses.

At Alderson, W. Va., I met one of my old pupils, Willie A. Hancock, who follows the business of an assistant depot agent. He gave me a copy of the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL of January 5th as a present. He said he liked the paper very well. I have enjoyed reading it on the train. He takes it regularly.

I shall not reach Parkersburg to night without feeling sad at the thought that my wife's oldest sister rests buried on the top of one of the mountains around that place, no stone marking her grave.

I do wish I could visit Mr. Covell, the principal of the West Virginia Institution and his school, but as he lives out of the way, and my time is limited, I must deny myself that pleasure. That he is one of the most graceful sign makers and one of the best managers of deaf-mute, and blind schools, I ever knew of, is as true as the Gospel I am now preaching.

Yours sincerely,
JOHN TURNER.

CAMEOS.

Rome is now the chief seat of cameo-cutting, two of which produced—those cut in hard stone and those cut in shell. The stones most valuable for this purpose are the Oriental onyx, provided they have the different colors in parallel layers. The value of the stone is greatly increased for the purpose if it has four or five different colors in parallel layers, if the layers are so thin as to assist in making the device of the cameo. For example, a specimen of stone, which has four layers, may be useful for a cameo of Minerva, where the ground would be of a dark gray, the face light, the bust and helmet black, the crest over the helmet brown or gray. All such such cameos were wrought by a lapidary's lathe with pointed instruments of steel, and by means of diamond dust. Shell cameos are cut from large shells found on the African and Brazilian coasts, and generally show two layers—one white and the other a pale coffee color or deep red orange. The subject is cut with small steel chisels out of the white portion of the shell. Stone adapted for cameo-cutting are dense, thick and consist generally of three layers of different colored shell material.

Brother Gardner on Bringing up a Boy.

"If I had a boy to bring up I wouldn't bring him up too softly," began Brother Gardner, as Samuel Shin finally quit poking the fire. "Every day of my life I meet men who were brought up softly. As boys they were kissed an' petted an' stuffed with sweet cake an' cried over. As young men they had nuffin to do but spend money, dress like monkeys, loaf on de streets, an' look down on honest labor. As men dey am a failure. People who doan' hate 'em an' dat's just as bad when I see a man whom everybody dislikes I realize dat he was bring up on de goody-goody plan as a boy."

"If I had a boy I'd rub him agin I'd put responsibility on his shoulder. If he got sugar he'd aim it. If he got time for loafin' it would be only arter his work was done. If he was ugly or ornate I'd tan it outter him instead of buyin' him off. If you want to make a selfish man, humor de whims of a boy. If you want to make a coward, forbid your boy to defend his rights, I teach my boy dat all boys had rights, an' dat while he has no business to trample on de rights of odder boys, no boy had de privilege of taking him by de nose. Las' night an' half mornin' my way was turned out doors by his boy. He has been tryin' de goody-goody plan on dat youth fur de las' twenty y'ars, an' dis am de legitimate result. He didn't want him to work, kase work is hard. He didn't want him to dress plain, fur fear people would look down on him. De boy am to-day a loafer, none in de fust nor carin' what happens in de future. Ten y'ars ago he was cried over, run arter, and coaxed an' bought off, an' his mudder libed to see him a loafer an' his fadder has foun' him an ingrate."

Kissing the wrong man.

A very laughable occurrence was witnessed at the Union Depot last night. When the train from the South stopped a lady alighted, and seeing a gentleman standing by whom she supposed to be her husband, ran toward him, and throwing her arms around his neck, showered kisses upon him. The gentleman made no objection, but when she ceased her oscillations, a gentleman standing by remarked, "Well, Laura, haven't you made a Mistake?" Laura turned toward him in astonishment, and flying into his arms, buried her blushing face on his shoulder, saying, "Lord bless me, Steve, I thought it was! Why didn't you speak?" —Terre Haute Express.

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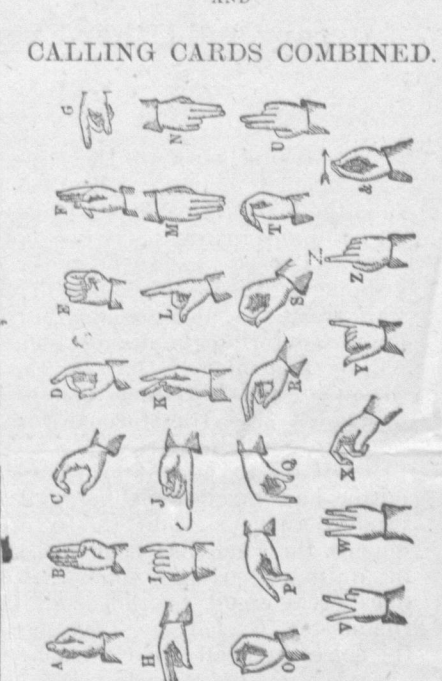
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